

THESE WOODS

BY BARBARA HAUPT

I'm dizzy with these woods, amazed to praising at
this symphony rehearsed how many springs have gone?
compound of careless colors rioted in wind-
tune and a dissonance of sun on mapledown
here-there crashed pianissimo through crystal-green
wet waves andante-rising crashing down to blue-
winged flutes who catch the cue and burst upon the pond
in key with two small boys whose shrill's oblivious too.

On all this askless skill there rides a questioning:
how can the singer know the song
or I yet sing?